

## GAILLARD'S NOVEMBER SURLY BLASTS.

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### The Travail of Poor Dr. E. S. Gaillard.

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O! most lame and impotent conclusion!

The ruling passion (impudence) strong in death.

The formerly inflated editor of the Medical Police Gazette has rapidly dwindled from his original small dimensions so nearly down to nothing, that it has become difficult to find ammunition small enough to use upon him. This scarcity may be due to some of his youthful sports. According to his own account his early training was in murdering harmless sparrows. Judging from what this man has done for society, the communities in which he has lived, for the Medical profession of which he claims to be a member, I have no difficulty in believing that the fruits of his manhood are akin to those joys of his youth, which he boasts were found in murdering sparrows.

A number of my friends, after reading Dr. Gaillard's scabby production in the October number of his Medical Police Gazette, remarked to me that he was not going to make any further notices of me. I asked them why. The reply was that he had declared that he would not notice me again. My reply to all of them was that that promise constituted the very reason why he would do it. That commencing in the city of Richmond, he had made the most solemn pledges to his subscribers, and reiterated them repeatedly after his arrival here,

and had shown no more regard to them than if he had never made them. These flagrant violations of his pledges to his subscribers have had a very disastrous effect upon his reputation in Kentucky. People cannot put faith in such a man. Until I had pointed out the enormity of his offense in making his subscribers pay for his quarrels, he never made even a pretense that the publication of these quarrels in a Medical Journal was improper treatment of his subscribers. He now acknowledges the justness of my excoriations which I have given him on the subject. He pleads piteously with his subscribers, and lyingly assures them that in carrying on his quarrels he has not used any part of the Journal for which they subscribed. It is well known to all his subscribers that he used the very portion of the thing to which they had subscribed as the vehicle for his incessant, senseless quarrels. Until I had exposed these outrages upon his subscribers he never for a moment paused in his course of making them pay for his quarrels. But he now acknowledges that he has been well whipped on this point.

This miserably whipped pseudo-critic, this shabby, convicted plagiarist, this being, whose swarms of malignant lies have been driven back to settle on his own head, well knowing that every one of the statements I made in my last notice of him could be substantiated with abundant additional evidence if necessary, quietly submits to the punishment inflicted upon him, and jabberingly sneaks from my damning expositions behind the fraudulent shelter of a few Medical journals. Those named by him constitute but a small number of the Medical journals in the United States, and I know how some of the remarks they make were procured. One day a little school boy struck another and ran behind some other boys, piteously crying, "please to tell him not to hit me! please to tell him not to hit me!"

But there is an intelligent, reputable, and professional verdict in this city, which speaks a language not to be mistaken. There are in Louisville and Kentucky large numbers of medi-



cal men of the highest character for honor, truth, and professional dignity—men who have been long renowned in their profession before this Richmond scallawag came into this State to disturb the peace of the profession with his shabby and disgraceful medical politics. I have good reason to know that ninety-five per cent. of the professional judgment of this city and of the State is with me; that it denounces Dr. Gaillard in his entire course, and affirms that I have treated him just as he deserves.

Dr. E. S. Gaillard has almost entirely destroyed himself in this community among his professional brethren. The College of Physicians and Surgeons was one of the best, one of the largest, and one of the most intelligent medical societies in the State. Under the political manipulations of Dr. E. S. Gaillard it has dwindled down to almost nothing. His Medical Police Gazette and Craig Microscope are rapidly following in the wake of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Many of the most profound students of Shakspeare in England, Germany, and America are firmly convinced that every character the world has ever seen or can see is represented in Shakspeare. What character represents Dr. E. S. Gaillard? In Nick Bottom there is the same puffed up vanity, the same fussy and busy intermeddling, the same execrable style, the same ridiculous failures, the same pompous unconsciousness. There is, however, one striking difference—the medical Nick Bottom never needed the services of Puck to furnish him with a head which caused Peter Quince to cry out, "Oh! Bottom, thou art translated!" To "translate" Dr. Gaillard would require something to be taken off, not something to be put on.

When Bottom wants to play the lion's part, he says, "I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." Our Nick Bottom tried this style of roaring in his Medical Police Gazette on a distinguished professor in a neighboring city. Bottom was informed that his loud roaring might hang them all, and he immediately promised, "but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

So, when Dr. Gaillard had inflicted his *public* insult upon a distinguished member of the medical profession, he, as in his outrage upon Dr. Gross, hurried off a *private* whisper to the gentleman he had attempted to victimize, and endeavored to atone for a public offense by a private acknowledgment. He wrote a pitiful letter to our distinguished confrere.

Our Nick Bottom is prostrate. He hath smitten himself

"In that left pap

Where heart doth hop."

Whether there is any soul in that prostrate form I can not decide, inasmuch as I am not furnished with a Craig's Microscope. I can not but hope as Theseus did in regard to the original Nick Bottom, that "with the help of a surgeon he might recover," which would be followed, by the result in the Duke's charitable speech on the possibility of a donkey resurrection.